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## A DAILY HINT FROM M'DUGALL.



Will the Arch look like this before the  
Dowry Committee file the basket?

## THE MIGHTY FEW.

THE Few have always fought the fight for  
freedom against the Tyrant Many. Leo-  
nidas and the Spartan band were but three  
hundred. Tell and Von Winkler led  
but a handful against the Austrian host.  
Hermannus in the Thuringian wood  
mustered the Cossacks with a small resource. Amid  
the dunes and fens of Holland a little people broke  
the power of Spain. From Bunker Hill to York-  
town a few thousands made a new nation,  
the greatest ever born. From the winds of Mirabeau,  
Danton and Robespierre came the French fever  
for freedom that shook the world. The sturdy  
Germans of Schill began the release of Germany  
from the great Napoleon. The thousand of Man-  
nassah set the Jews free. Gomer and Moses  
brought their own in Cuba through two wars with  
modern Spain. Now, again, the Few and Many,  
Dewar against Britain, fight in the Great Cause.  
The Few are mighty and in the end prevail!

## CHECK THE PLUNDERERS!

MILLIONS already extorted from the Third  
Avenue Railway Company by political  
blackmailers.  
Plans well under way at Albany to  
add \$5,500,000 needlessly to the city's  
tax burden for the Police and Fire De-  
partments.

What other schemes may be in contemplation  
none can say.

Comptroller Coker says:

The causes which lead to the financial embar-  
rassment of municipal corporations are precisely the same  
as those which lead to bankruptcy of business cor-  
porations, and these causes are to be seen in active op-  
eration to-day, both in the city government and at Al-  
bany.

"A stitch in time saves nine."

An alert Grand Jury, taking up the Third Ave-  
nue trouble promptly and earnestly, should, by its  
findings, furnish the needed check to the whole-  
sale plottings for public plunder that now startle  
this municipality.

With one voice, press and public demand the  
Grand Jury's services. And demand them NOW!

## SAY "A TIMELY WORD TO-DAY."

President McKinley has not lost the faculty of say-  
ing the right thing at the right time.—The Tribune.

GOOD! Then why not say a "timely word"  
to Great Britain and urge that great na-  
tion to stop its slaughter in the Trans-  
vaal? The friendly offices of this nation  
would not be rejected. "Peace with honor"  
for the Boers and the British would come  
if Mr. McKinley would only lead the way.

## WHAT A PRESIDENT MUST BE.

O. frequently has the question been put to  
The Evening World of late, whether or  
not a Catholic can be elected President of  
the United States, that a general answer  
seems to be in place in this column. The  
Constitution of the United States says:

No person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen  
of the United States at the time of the adoption of  
this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of  
President; neither shall any person be eligible to that  
office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-  
five years and been fourteen years a resident within  
the United States.

It will be observed that there is no reference to  
any religious qualification. No such qualification  
was thought of, nor intended. The scope of the  
provision chosen for the chief officer of the Republic  
is unlimited, save by the proper requirements  
that the election shall fall upon a man of sane  
mind, possessed of the absolute interest that goes  
with an established citizenship.

If the Constitution is studied in other respects,  
it will be found always as carefully drawn as in  
any case to preserve and promote popular self-  
government. Whenever by the abdication of a  
President, or by acts of usurpation on the part of  
any official, this care of the Constitution's makers  
is violated, the welfare of the Republic is  
endangered.

## LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

## The Nimble Nickel, a Messenger of Disease.

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(Reprinted.)

DID you ever consider, my dear, how much evil  
in the way of spreading disease a nimble nickel  
can do?

Let me tell you of a little incident that happened in  
a Broadway car the other day which should convey a  
lesson to all.

The conductor handed him the brand-new nickel  
which I had paid to him but a few moments before,  
and, as I noted it the thought came idly to me what  
strange stories these nickels could tell, of the hands  
they had passed through and the uses they had been  
put to, if they could but speak.

At that moment a colored acquaintance of the man  
boarded the car and, amid expostulations, the bright  
new nickel was handed over to the conductor for the  
newcomer's fare.

The next to enter the car was an Italian. I re-  
collected having seen his face before. He was an organ-  
grinder who challenged double pity from the pass-  
enger by when plying his vocation by exhibiting to the  
public the sorest kind of a sore hand.

From his face my eyes wandered down to the hand  
in question, and as I gazed I saw my bright, new  
nickel dropped into it and the fingers close about it,  
clamping it closely in that palm of raw gores.

I felt like crying out against it. But on second  
thought I realized that it would be a gigantic task to  
attempt to follow the fate of my nickel through its

many vicissitudes—to the end of its career. So I held  
my peace, and had well might forgotten the incident  
when the car again stopped, and this time a beautiful  
young girl made her way into the car.

On his way to her to collect the fare the Italian  
stopped the conductor, asking:

"Can you give me five pennies for this nickel?"  
Of course the conductor was only too pleased to un-  
load the pennies, and again my bright nickel was in  
the hands of the conductor.

The lovely young girl evidently handed him a dime,  
for she was given my pretty nickel.

Let me tell you, reader mine, just what happened  
next.

She put it directly in her mouth, women fashion, to  
hold it while she made way to the stopping to count  
the change which the white and gold monogrammed  
pocketbook contained.

The white, pearly teeth held the disease-breeding  
nickel fast, and the sweet, red lips closed around it.

I would have cried out to her, but I had reached my  
destination, and as the nervous trolley car would  
probably not have tarried for me long enough to  
form her acquaintance and have an earnest little  
chat upon the folly of placing money into her mouth  
that had been handled by the clean and unclean alike,  
I was obliged to leave the car and the charming  
young girl to her fate.

I had learned a grave lesson: Never to put col-  
ored, or any of the money which is the circulating  
medium of the public at large—in my mouth for  
any reason whatsoever. LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by permission  
of the Family Story Paper.

## HOUSING NEW YORK'S POOR.

By George F. Shrady, A. M., M. D., Editor of  
the Medical Record.



DR. GEORGE A. SHRADY.

IN the building of dwellings for the poor we are fifty  
years behind the age. There is no reason why  
there should not be wide stairways, plenty of air  
and light and healthy surroundings in our tenement-  
houses. The architecture of our tenements could be  
made ornate with but little additional expenditure of  
money.

The solution of this problem will be found in the  
establishment of homes for the laboring classes on a  
vast co-operative plan. Take a city block in New  
York and build on it modern tenement-houses with  
every improvement. Give the tenants the service of  
janitors and every comfort which can be found in our  
large apartment-houses for the wealthy. Baths, eleva-  
tors, a large playground in the center of the block  
—all these comforts and luxuries could be provided  
economically with profit to the moneyed man and the  
tenant.

The laboring man insists on being near his work.  
He will not make himself a slave to time-tables and  
railroads. It is only the adventurous chaps who go  
out into the suburban districts, where there is pure  
and wholesome air, but the husband gets out of bed  
in the dark of the morning and arrives home in the  
dark of night. Sunday is the only day he sees his  
home and family in the sunlight.

If the workmen insist on living in the city and  
near their work, then this condition must be met  
and mastered. It is in the interests of the wealthier  
classes to properly house the poor of the city, for in these un-  
healthy districts diseases grow and spread; and filthy  
tenements endanger the health of the entire city.

The situation of the working classes of New York,  
so far as house accommodation is concerned, is said to  
be—by those who have had experience in these mat-  
ters—much worse than in London. It is computed that  
the population of the tenement district of New York  
is twice as dense as in the most crowded part of the  
British capital.

It is said that the cost of housing a family is about  
30 per cent. of the income—it certainly should not ex-  
ceed that. With a model block of houses for the  
poor there would be a large saving in the cost of food,  
light and heat would be supplied each family, the  
same as in modern apartment-houses. The houses  
could be made attractive and healthful.

## QUERIES BY AND ANSWERS FOR THE EVENING WORLD READERS.

Inquire Bellevue Hospital.  
How can I become a trained nurse? H. A.  
The Letter Is Correct.  
Which one of these sentences is correct: "Do you see  
any resemblance between him and I?" or "Do you see  
any resemblance between him and me?" J. A. C.  
Supreme Court; No.  
Where must a person apply for an absolute divorce?  
Can a person apply for same in New York upon  
grounds of non-support and desertion? T. B.  
Means Farmer.  
What was the first meaning of the name "Boer"?  
Grosvonts, L. I. CLARENCE WHITWORTH.  
Apply to Your Congressman.  
I am anxious to enter the United States Military  
Academy at West Point as a cadet. To whom should I  
apply for admission? W. H. P. F.



THE COIN PASSES INTO FAIR HANDS.

nickel fast, and the sweet, red lips closed around it.  
I would have cried out to her, but I had reached my  
destination, and as the nervous trolley car would  
probably not have tarried for me long enough to  
form her acquaintance and have an earnest little  
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any reason whatsoever. LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

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## WHY IT ISN'T LEAP YEAR.

A Daily Question Answered Once and for All.

THE following query in varying forms is re-  
ceived by The Evening World several times a day:

"Does not leap year occur every four years?  
The last leap year was 1896. Why is not 1899 one? Why  
had not this past February twenty-nine days?"

This question is here answered once and for all.  
Julius Caesar's calendar made each year contain  
precisely 365 1/4 days. But in reality it contained be-  
tween 11 and 12 minutes less. Thus in 1296 years the  
legal year would have lost one day on the solar year.

By the time the Gregorian calendar was made, ten  
days had thus been lost.

To remedy this, October 14, 1582, was arbitrarily  
made to follow directly after October 4, 1582. To avert  
such another elimination of time, it was decreed that  
henceforth no centennial year not divisible by 100  
should be a leap year. By the present plan the legal  
year loses a day on the solar year only once in over  
3,200 years.

## LOVE UNCHANGING.

YESTERDAY, to-day, to-morrow,  
All are one, since my heart knows,  
Steadfast, in all joy or sorrow,  
Changeless love beside me goes.

Steadfast, though my mood be changeable  
As the sea cloud-shadows sweep,  
Steadfast is this love unchanging  
As the stars that night skies keep.

Suns may sink in storm clouds dreary,  
Suns may set with golden skies;  
Days may restful be, or weary  
Meet the nights when daylight dies;

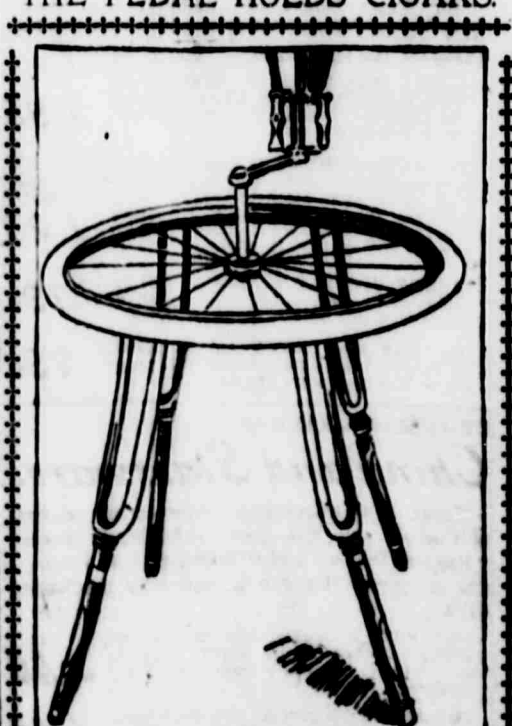
Those beside me fall or falter,  
Friends prove false, time drag or fly,  
Blossoms turn to fruit or flower,  
Seed-time pass, and summers die;

Youth may wane, and old age creep  
Come to break or change old ties,  
Still its pristine glory keeping,  
Lives this love that never dies.

Youth, or age, or joy, or sorrow,  
Storm or sunshine—all are one,  
Since I know for me unchanging  
Lives this love, till life is done.

—Mary Devereux.

## THE PEDAL HOLDS CIGARS.



This odd table adorns the reception room of a West  
Philadelphia "wheel" club. The legs are made of the  
forks of wheels, while the top represents the wheel  
itself, having a real rubber tire. The pedal holds  
cigars.

COULD GROW TWO FRUITFUL.  
Fruitful are easily grown in Cuba from plants which  
which are planted in Cuba a few inches apart.

## THE JOKERS FURNISH RELAXATION.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS GLEE CLUB.



"Now, gentlemen, all together—for you, co-coo co-coo!"

## HAD BEEN NEAR IT.



HAD BEEN NEAR IT.

She—You say you have never been in love. Have  
you ever been near it?  
He—I was married once—July.

## PULPIT DIFFICULTIES.

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., Pastor of  
Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.



REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D. D.

PREACHING is man-making, man-mending and  
character-building. On the one hand it is a  
science, dealing with reason, affection, aspiration  
and conscience. On the other side preaching is  
an art, and has to do with the problems of right living.  
It teaches the art of so carrying reason, ambition  
and purpose as to secure happiness and growth to one's  
self with peace and prosperity for others. The basis  
upon which preaching rests is the fundamental fact  
that man begins not full-grown, but the mere seed of  
manhood, at a point named nothing. For no other  
living creature is born so far away from that point  
named maturity.

We must also confess that the successes of the  
preaching of yesterday increase the difficulty of the  
task that belongs to to-day. When people come to  
church after reading Carlyle, Emerson and Browning  
it is hard to satisfy them. It is hard to compete with  
those who took three months to put a poem into half  
an hour. And we have thirty minutes to raise the  
dead in, and the corpse in the pew won't give us  
fourty.

Then there are the newspapers, which are a form  
of instruction and largely Christian. For notwithstanding  
all that is said about yellow journalism I believe  
there is not a body of men anywhere who are doing  
a greater work for moral, civil, literary and industrial  
truth than the managing editors of the newspapers  
of this country.

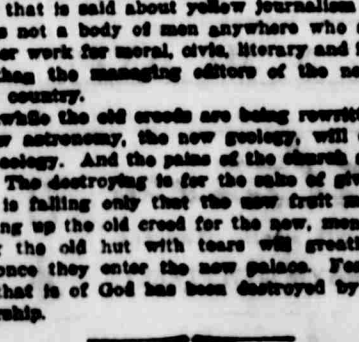
Meanwhile the old evils are being renovated. With  
the new astronomy, the new geology, will come the  
new theology. And the pains of the church are bit-  
ter. The destroying is for the sake of giving. The  
flower is falling only that the new fruit may swell.  
In giving up the old creed for the new, men who are  
leaving the old but with tears will greatly rejoice  
when, once they enter the new palace. For not one  
truth that is of God has been destroyed by the new  
scholarship.

What is Best Worth Having?

What is best worth striving for in life? Money, love,  
fame, happiness, reputation or what? My friends  
and I argue often about this, some saying one thing,  
some another. I'd like opinions and reasons from  
others.

DEBATER.

## GOLF OR RAINY-DAY SKIRT.



GOLF OR RAINY-DAY SKIRT.

"PLEASE, DO YOU NEED A MODEL?"

of an aged grandmother. She was well loved in the  
studio, where her gentle ways won her many friends  
as well as engagements.

As the things went on, the picture progressed  
rapidly; so also did the acquaintance, and from mere  
acquaintance Ralph came to find that he loved as never  
before, but, too honorable to break his pledged word,  
he suffered in silence.

Winifred, arriving first at the studio one day,  
smelled smoke; turning to retrace her steps, she heard  
the door closed and the key turned, and a low, smu-  
gling laugh uttered her card; trapped at last! How will  
you stand my lover? Best your dainty wags and  
say, but it will be in vain. Ah, ha!

A week later Winifred came out of a period of un-  
consciousness. The surroundings were all strange;  
so was the kind-looking lady who smoothed back her  
hair. To Winifred's inquiry the gentle answer came:  
"I am Ralph's mother and you are at his home. Now  
rest, dear," and with a kiss she left her.

Strength is quickly regained in pleasant sur-  
roundings, and soon Winifred heard of the old and true  
treasures; also the old, sweet story (which is old, but  
ever new) of Ralph's love for her.

Winifred is now married and the happy mistress of  
a dainty home.

The place of honor in her parlor is filled by the  
"Marguerite," and as the twilight falls softly on it  
the husband draws his wife to him, and, gazing at  
the picture, murmurs softly, "My 'Marguerite,' I  
found, but almost lost you, but now you are mine  
forever and ever."

## LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Pipe Problems.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
If one pipe empties a cistern in one minute, and an-  
other empties it in two minutes, how long would it  
take both pipes to empty it, both working at same  
time, readers?

Doesn't Want Wife to Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
My intended husband does not want me to work  
after we are married, and for that reason wishes me  
to postpone our wedding until he is better situated.  
But I have convinced him that it is no disgrace for a  
married woman to work. I will be proud to show him  
how gladly I will work for our mutual benefit, and I  
am certain that he will love me the better for it and  
we shall be very happy. I write this for the girl who  
wishes that she refused to help along her intended by  
continuing to work after marriage.

EMMY ARBUHL.

Scores Dr. McKim.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
We are all put on this earth to perform some mis-  
sion, and when we have performed that mission we go  
to join our maker again. "Kill all Mites and crimi-  
nals," says Dr. McKim. Is not a man who invites  
others to murder as much of a murderer as the man  
who does kill? We are not each possessed of as much  
brains as you, doctor, but the brains we do possess  
would never have entertained any such ideas. You  
have no right to take the life God gave.

SIDNEY BERNSTEIN.

What is Best Worth Having?

What is best worth striving for in life? Money, love,  
fame, happiness, reputation or what? My friends  
and I argue often about this, some saying one thing,  
some another. I'd like opinions and reasons from  
others.

DEBATER.

## GOLF OR RAINY-DAY SKIRT.



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"PLEASE, DO YOU NEED A MODEL?"

of an aged grandmother. She was well loved in the  
studio, where her gentle ways won her many friends  
as well as engagements.

As the things went on, the picture progressed  
rapidly; so also did the acquaintance, and from mere  
acquaintance Ralph came to find that he loved as never  
before, but, too honorable to break his pledged word,  
he suffered in silence.

Winifred, arriving first at the studio one day,  
smelled smoke; turning to retrace her steps, she heard  
the door closed and the key turned, and a low, smu-  
gling laugh uttered her card; trapped at last! How will  
you stand my lover? Best your dainty wags and  
say, but it will be in vain. Ah, ha!

A week later Winifred came out of a period of un-  
consciousness. The surroundings were all strange;  
so was the kind-looking lady who smoothed back her  
hair. To Winifred's inquiry the gentle answer came:  
"I am Ralph's mother and you are at his home. Now  
rest, dear," and with a kiss she left her.

Strength is quickly regained in pleasant sur-  
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treasures; also the old, sweet story (which is old, but  
ever new) of Ralph's love for her.

Winifred is now married and the happy mistress of  
a dainty home.

The place of honor in her parlor is filled by the  
"Marguerite," and as the twilight falls softly on it  
the husband draws his wife to him, and, gazing at  
the picture, murmurs softly, "My 'Marguerite,' I  
found, but almost lost you, but now you are mine  
forever and ever."

## ANYTHING BUT JEALOUS.



"And what did thy mistress say after she had  
caught me kissing thee behind the door?"  
"She said: 'Annabel, thou must be mighty fond of  
me to remain in my service at the risk of being kissed  
by such an old wretch as thy master.'"—Pick-me-Up.

## A PARADOX.



A PARADOX.

Married—Mrs. Rostrom thinks the highest wisdom  
is to realize one's own ignorance.  
Wife—You, but since she's found it out she's been in-  
credibly contented.

## The Day's Love Story

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

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forever and ever."

## BIRTHDAY LUCK

For March 5.

If you were born on March 5, no matter what  
the year or hour, this is the meaning of  
the day for you:

It is favorable for all business purposes. You  
have a favorable year before you and your af-  
fairs in general should prosper. You will be  
steady in your movements and in your general  
affairs. Some gain from elderly friends and ac-  
quaintances in return of old-fashioned love.

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